



ZEABOLOS

OVERLORD OF WRATH



SHORT STORIES ON THE OVERLORDS
OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

VISIT...

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The sounds of the battlefield ring sharply in my ears.

I hear clamor, cheers, then shouts of victory.

“The Great Overlord Azel has been defeated!”

The thunderous noise is raised by the enemy. It’s so loud, like clanging cymbals inside my head.

Despite the volume and clarity of their words, I can’t understand they’re saying.

(Father? What’s happened?)

I stand there in silence, unable to breathe.

“Zeabolos!”

I hear someone call my name, and my consciousness

returns to me. Someone is standing in front of me, pressing my shoulders firmly.

“Brother?”

“We need to retreat.”

Astaroth’s eyes are staring into mine. His expression alone doesn’t tell me what he’s thinking. He spoke to me in his usual manner, a calm and collected tenor, but in its nuances, I felt his rebuke.

It’s difficult, but I bring myself to nod my head slightly in response to Brother’s words. Moments after, he yells at the top of his voice, commanding everyone to retreat. That is all I can remember.

As usual, my nightmare ends there.



(That dream, again...)

I try to fall asleep once more, pulling my blankets up over me. But after having awoken like that, I can't seem to relax.

(If only it were all just a dream...)

On that day, I was deployed into battle as the Overlord of Wrath. On that battlefield, I lost my father, the Great Overlord, the pillar of the Underworld.

I force myself out of bed, and begin my way through the castle's beautifully adorned hallways towards the court. All of the Overlords and high-class Fallen Ones are being summoned. I have no choice in the matter.

The maids and servants that pass by me stop in their tracks, and hurriedly bow their heads in fear. My poor mood must be visible on my face.

(Despicable...)

My lack of composure is totally despicable.

“Good morning, Lord Zeabolos.”

In front of the doorway to the court is the Great Overlord's butler, Baphomet. His silent, gracious bow and his calm composure irritate me a little.

(What am I thinking? Baphomet didn't do anything wrong...)

The elder butler has served each of the Great Overlords and has been this way for as long as anyone can remember. His deep respect for his masters was unwavering, and it would probably remain steadfast for the rest of his days. Even though I've felt quite irritable since I awoke, I can at least rationalize, not to mention appreciate, that much.

“Everyone awaits you.”

“I should expect to get an earful then.”

It’s about the only sarcasm I can muster as I grit my teeth.

Baphomet shakes his head. “Should any dare speak ill of you, they will feel the wrath of these old bones!”

“Baphomet...”

“None have fared as well or have brought such glory to the battlefield as you have, my Lord! To imagine the audacity of those who have called for a summoning so immediately after such a long and brutal battle! With the Great Overlord gone, it seems that those who lack any sense of decorum have begun to move about shamelessly. Oh, what will become of the Underworld?!”

Baphomet begins to talk to himself in his anger. Everything he says can be heard easily.

“Baphomet, compose yourself. Lower your voice so no

one inside hears you.”

“Let them hear me! I would be more than obliged to face them!” he replies in pride.

It seems that Baphomet looks upon me as if I were his own grandson. His favoritism towards me is obvious. Whenever I accomplish something, he’s the first to congratulate me. I’m happy to know how he feels, but in turn, it makes it difficult for me to reprimand him when necessary.

“No matter what anyone says, as the sons of the Great Overlord Azel and descendants of the first Great Overlord, Satan, Lord Zeabolos and Lord Astaroth are the only ones fit to inherit the throne!”

“I suppose this is the reason everyone has been summoned.”

“Yes, my Lord. It is.” Baphomet grunts.

I'm not surprised to hear it.

Becoming a Great Overlord should not only require merit of blood, but also of power, something necessary ensure the victories of the Underworld. With the results of this battle, it's not surprising that many have started baseless rumors about the validity of blood successors to the throne, the validity of my brother and myself.

“Regardless, stay strong and proud! Now please, enter with grace, Lord Zeabolos.”

Baphomet opens the doors to the court and beckons me inside. I walk through, and as the doors close behind me, I begin to hear the loud voices, the sound of dissonance.

“Hereditary succession should be done away with!”

Quite the clamor indeed...

“What use is it if the Great Overlord who leads our forces

can fall so easily?! The strongest among us should lead the Underworld!”

“I agree! If we don't do something about this, the angels will begin their onslaught at any moment!”

“That's right! We need to show those foolish angels the true extent of the Fallen One's power!”

The Overlords and high-class Fallen Ones have already entered into a heated argument over the future of the Underworld.

None of them notice my entrance. They're fully preoccupied with their arguing.

(How dare you speak in such a manner when your master has just fallen! You've no right to criticize! You've no right to squabble when not a single one of you has bloodied your hands in the name of the Underworld!)

The words got caught in my throat before I could verbalize them. The sight of my brother did this. He was standing at a distance from the crowd.

Brother is calmly observing the Fallen Ones in argument. He doesn't show a single bit of remorse.

However, I could tell his silent composure was masking his grief. Brother and I didn't just lose the Great Overlord Azel. We lost our father, too.

(That's right... We've lost our father...)

The thought strikes my mind, and then my heart. I feel ashamed with myself.

Everyone has openly shown remorse over our loss in battle. Everyone has openly blamed themselves for their lack of competency or inability to fulfill their duties. But not a single one of them has openly grieved over the loss of our father.

(Was their bond this weak and brittle?)

We were supposed to have been united as one under the Great Overlord, beloved by the citizens of the Underworld, so as to face God's legion of angels with a strong, collective front. And yet, this is where we are? Brother is the only one showing any semblance of decency.

(And yet, Brother is the one who is feeling the greatest pain right now.)

As the Great Overlord's first son, Brother should be the successor to the throne. He was always beside Father on the battlefield. Thinking of it now, Brother probably witnessed the death of our father firsthand. To think that moments later, he came rushing to me to guide me is remarkable.

(Brother taking the lead during that situation, and calling for a retreat saved many of our lives. And yet...)

The meeting went on without our involvement, with consistent pushes for the abolishment of hereditary successorship.

The crowd before me which argues for the abolishment of hereditary successorship is essentially denouncing my brother's right to inherit the throne. Under current circumstances, Brother, as the rightful one to succeed the throne, should be leading the meeting. Instead the riotous fools keep spouting the same words over and over again. They have no order to their argument. They have no concern for Brother.

I feel as if the anger swelling within me is going to burn a hole through my stomach.

(If only I had the strength to destroy our enemies, so that I could have protected Father...)

No, if I at least had the strength to suppress those who would create discord with their slanderous words, then all this

idiocy and disrespect could be ended. I should never allow anyone to get away with disparaging the name of my father or my brother.

(I lack so many things.)

If only I were stronger...

“Oh my, what do we have here?”

From amidst the clamor is an alluring voice unbefitting of the tumultuous crowd.

“Hey there ♪”

My older cousin Ashmedia, the Overlord of Lust, waves her hand and approaches me. She's dressed in a fashion quite unfit for the meeting, and is emitting a strong, sweet aroma wherever she walks.

“Ashmedia... Zeabolos... You're both here,” Brother greets

us with a calm expression.

“I am sorry for my late arrival,” I say.

“No need to apologize. You’ve made your fair share of accomplishments in battle. No one would reprimand you for being late.”

I was about to protest, but I swallow my words again. I have no right to say anything against Brother.

“Oh my, aren’t you both being a bit too formal? You’re brothers, you know?”

“We’re not acting formal. You’re just way too informal.”

“Well now, I see you’re holding yourself together pretty well, little Zeabolos. Too bad. I would have... consoled you, up close and personal. Heh heh...”

“What?! No!” I immediately jerk backward. I can’t tell how

serious she is sometimes.

“Thank you for your concern.” Brother walks in between us. “It’s nice to see you doing well, Ashmedia.”

“Oh my, I’m always doing very well, you know? In fact, I’m a bit disappointed that the battle has ended already.”

Thinking back on it now, I hadn’t met her on the battlefield. Knowing her, I can assume that she was probably going on a killing spree somewhere at a distance from the main unit.

“I heard you did quite well. It’s good to know you weren’t hurt.”

“Not to worry. I’d rather administer pain to someone than take it myself.” Ashmedia shrugs off Brother’s words with a nonchalant expression. “That aside, isn’t it ironic that the assembly is discussing the matter of the next Great

Overlord, and yet the main candidates are over here being wallflowers?”

“It can’t be helped. I can also relate to their concern over having young ones like us reign in such a position of supreme power over the Underworld.” Brother lets out a cold laugh, to which Ashmedia frowns.

“You do know I hate how you always try to empathize with others, right?”

“Hey, Ashmedia!”

I’m prepared to reprimand her for her insolence, but before my words form, Ashmedia gently places her finger on my lips to stop me from speaking. My voice catches in my throat.

“You hear what those elders are saying, about battle merit and a strong leader. Why don’t you bring up your wealth of battle accomplishments and become the next Great

Overlord, my little Zeabolos?”

(What did she just say?)

“If you can do that, I’ll serve you like there’s no tomorrow as the Overlord of Lust... Well, see you later ♪” Saying that, she leaves the court.

“What in the world is she saying?” I mumble in disbelief.

The next Great Overlord is Brother. It’s absurd to think otherwise.

“Hm... I see,” Brother mutters softly. I look up and notice that he’s looking at me with a surprised expression on his face.

“Brother?”

He doesn’t respond to me.

Instead, he turns around and moves into the center of the court.

The voice he proceeds to speak with is loud and authoritative: “I would like to ask you all to hold your gossiping for a moment.”

The clamor of the gathered drops into silence, as they all turn towards the both of us with an air of hostility. I don’t blame them. The next in line to the throne has outright written off their discussion about abolishing hereditary successorship as mere “gossip.”

The crowd assembled in the court begins to stir and murmur. But Brother doesn’t show the slightest of concern.

“I believe you’ve all gathered here with concern for the future welfare of the Underworld. But before we address that matter, I would like to ask that you all show your respects to our departed Great Overlord Azel.”

The court falls silent. He continues to speak.

“With that being said, I respectfully and duly declare that we advance our forces immediately, and lay siege against the Heavens in retaliation.”

The murmuring of the crowd picks up once more.

But I am left speechless. That aggressive statement came from Brother.

(A declaration to advance our forces, so soon after our defeat at the hands of the angels and losing the Great Overlord?)

Brother’s statement made it clear that he still held authority, undisturbed by the crowd’s dissentious inclinations. And yet, he laced his words with decorum, as if to retain the airs of respectful formality. I wouldn’t be surprised if anyone was provoked by what he’s said.

(What is Brother thinking?)

I was likely not alone in that thought. Among the murmuring assembly, a few tilted their heads in a similar confusion.

“Y-You’re suggesting that we engage in battle without a Great Overlord?”

“But, we’ve suffered heavy losses—the casualties are great, and the soldiers need ample rest as well.”

“There is no cause for concern. Zeabolos and I will lead our forces,” he replies.

“Brother...”

“Do you take issue, Zeabolos?”

“Not at all.”

Having received my reply, Brother nods and again addresses the crowd: “This battle will decide the fate of the Underworld. As such, as the late Great Overlord Azel’s rightful heir, I hereby declare the abolishment of hereditary successorship to the Underworld throne.”

“What?!”

A tumult of murmurs and commotion rises once again from the crowd.

“Wait, Brother!”

Removing hereditary claims to the throne would only benefit those with ill will here—but Brother, as if embracing sedition, kneels and bows his head to the startled crowd.

“As this will mark the end of hereditary successorship, I beseech you to listen to my words as my final wish.”



“Please stop, Brother!”

I squeeze my desperate pleas out of my throat, but they sound more like screams than coherent words.

I frantically try to urge Brother off of the ground, but he keeps his hands to the floor, retaining a still silence.

“What are you doing?!”

“If Father were here, he would do the same,” Brother replies, his voice yet powerful. “We need to make the Underworld anew, to become stronger and more prosperous. That is our duty as those who hail from the lineage of the first Great Overlord. Relinquishing the throne is a small price to pay in fulfillment of that larger duty, for the sake of the Underworld.”

His eyes, of a deep and serious hue, stare into mine.

I sense the unwavering and sound resolve of my brother, someone who has always been at Father’s side through all administrative and civil affairs.

“What are your thoughts, Zeabolos?”

“If that is the decision you have come to, then I can have no objections.”

“I see. Thank you.” Brother finally accepts my outstretched hand and rises to his feet.

(My duty now is to fulfill whatever duty is bestowed upon me, as Brother has made clear to me, for the sake of the Underworld.)

I step forward, and wave my mantle with dignity.

(I’ll do this!)

I will fulfill my duty, as one who hails from the lineage of the first Great Overlord, Satan.

And I will fulfill it to such an extent that Brother will

never have to bow his head to such fools as those gathered here again!

“Hark! The angels are arrogantly basking in their victory! Their guard is down—so now is the time to strike! We will not let them enjoy satisfaction at our defeat for long! If we do not strike now, the angels will soon continue their onslaught, with renewed vigor!”

The words that come forth are emboldened by the fierce resolve that burns hot within me. “We will avenge my father in battle! Those who wish for glory, prepare yourselves at once! Those who wish to run away and hide, be left behind! Cowards are not worthy to be in the Underworld!”

The words I say are directed at myself.

“The throne of the Great Overlord is open, in front of you all! If you should desire it, show your power! Only those who are willing to prove such power may follow us!”

“Let me take the first strike at the angels!” A young Fallen One declares with fire burning in his eyes.

“No, leave the honor to me!”

“No, to me!”

The fiery voices come from all around the court, and soon the chamber is filled with their burning resolve. It is the heat of battle.

“We will smite the angels!”

Upon my call, the voices become battle cries, and fists are raised throughout the crowd: “Aaaaaaah!”

Brother watches me, and nods his head in satisfaction. As I bask in the heat of the moment, I come to a certain resolve.

(I will gain more power. Power to defeat all who stand in the way. The power to stay strong at all times, in the face

of anything.)

I will destroy all who stand against me. I will overcome all adversities. I will crush all who bring harm to the Underworld. I will protect the pride of my father, my brother, and my lineage!

Despite the bickering and complaints of the elders in the court, aside from the injured soldiers, most all have decided to follow us into battle.

Hereditary successorship to the Underworld throne is gone. That means any and all have the chance to become the Great Overlord. This battle will be vengeance for the death of the Great Overlord. It will be the perfect arena to achieve glory. This is everyone's chance to raise their own claim to the throne.

And that's not all. Many among us desire the opportunity to kill those angels who we suffered defeat against. There's no reason for anyone to hesitate. The elements of reward

and motive have blended together into one, further intensifying the desire for battle.

“In consideration of everyone's determination, we will need an unwavering power to lead the way into battle,” Brother says.

As expected, he's kept his sight firmly on the situation at hand.

“We need power that can intensify the fire within us all, inciting us through words. A power that can be relied on to protect all and fight for all—one that will bring the entire Underworld together as one.” Brother draws his sword out. “Zeabolos... I will protect your back with every inch of my knowledge and strength, so that you can lead the force into battle. Any who stand in your way will face me. You will only need to face forward.”

I draw my sword out. I place my blade against Brother's blade, and their collision sends out a sharp sound.

“Those are my very words to you as well. I will destroy all that stands in your way.”

“You do not need to worry about me.” Brother lets out a troubled laugh. He is relinquishing his promised seat to the throne. I still don’t know exactly what his intentions are, but there’s only one thing I need to do now.

“I will use all of my power to annihilate the angels!”

“Yes. Bring victory to us, Zeabolos.”

“If that is your will, it shall be done.”

We both grin and raise our swords above our heads.

“We will depart at once!”

“Be prepared, as we will be facing our nemesis, Archangel Michael!”

Our voices open the way to battle, followed by the blaring of battle trumpets.

“Defeat our enemies and bring glory to your name! Show the angels who among you are the greatest among my beloved Fallen Ones!”

We will bring victory to the future of the Underworld!

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